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STORIES OF THE RED CHILDREN



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STORIES
OF THE
RED CHILDREN

BY DOROTHY BROOKS

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY

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STORIES OF THE RED CHILDREN.

Once there were only little
Red children in our land.

That was before the white
people came to this country.

These little Red children
were the Indian children.

There are a few of them in this country now.

Most of them live out in the far West.

They have little villages of their own.

They do not like to live in cities as we do.

These little Red children used to tell each other very beautiful stories.

They were as pretty as fairy stories.

The little Red children

loved the sun and the moon
and the stars.

They called the winds their
brothers.

They loved the trees and the
flowers.

They loved the shining
rivers and the high hills.

They talked to the rivers
and the hills; and they be-
lieved that the rivers and the
hills knew what was said to
them.

When the little Red children

were happy, they believed the bright flowers were happy, too.

And when the little Red children were sad, they believed the winds were sorry for them.



THE WINDS.

Wabun was the East Wind.

He was always young and beautiful.

It was the East Wind that brought the morning.

He chased the darkness down the valley.

He shot his silver arrows after it.



THE WIND.

He painted the morning clouds.

He called the deer and the hunter from their sleep.

Kabeyun was the West Wind.

He was strong and powerful.

He could drive away the heavy water-laden clouds of the South.

He could drive away the cold clouds of the North.

The little Red children loved the West Wind; for when he came the sun came, and the



" THERE WERE HEAVY HANGING VINES."

blue sky smiled down upon the fields.

The South Wind was dreamy and drowsy.

He dwelt in the South, where it was always summer.

The robins and the bluebirds loved the South Wind, and fled to it for protection.

There were purple grapes and rich yellow melons in the home of the South Wind.

There were great trees and heavy hanging vines.

Sometimes the South Wind

would sit beneath the vines
and smoke his pipe of peace.

Then the smoke would roll
northward and fill the air with
soft, warm, yellow haze.

The smoke would settle
lovingly over the rugged hills
and make them beautiful.

Then the little Red children
would say, "See how soft the air
is! It is Indian summer now."

The North Wind came from
his lodge, amid the snowdrifts.

His home was among the
icebergs.



THE NORTH WIND.

His long hair was sprinkled with snowflakes.

He liked to run howling and shrieking down the valleys.

He heaped up the crusted snowdrifts.

He covered the lakes and rivers with a little roof of ice.

He liked to send the snowflakes flying through the air.

He liked to hear them whizz through the forests.

He liked to drive the curlews to their nests among the sedges.



“HE HEAPED UP THE CRUSTED SNOWDRIFTS.”

And all these winds the little Red children loved; for they were brothers.

Which one did the children like best?

They liked them all best; for the East Wind brought the daylight; the West Wind brought the blue sky; the South Wind brought the summer with its fruits and flowers; and the North Wind brought the winter with its sparkling snow and ice.



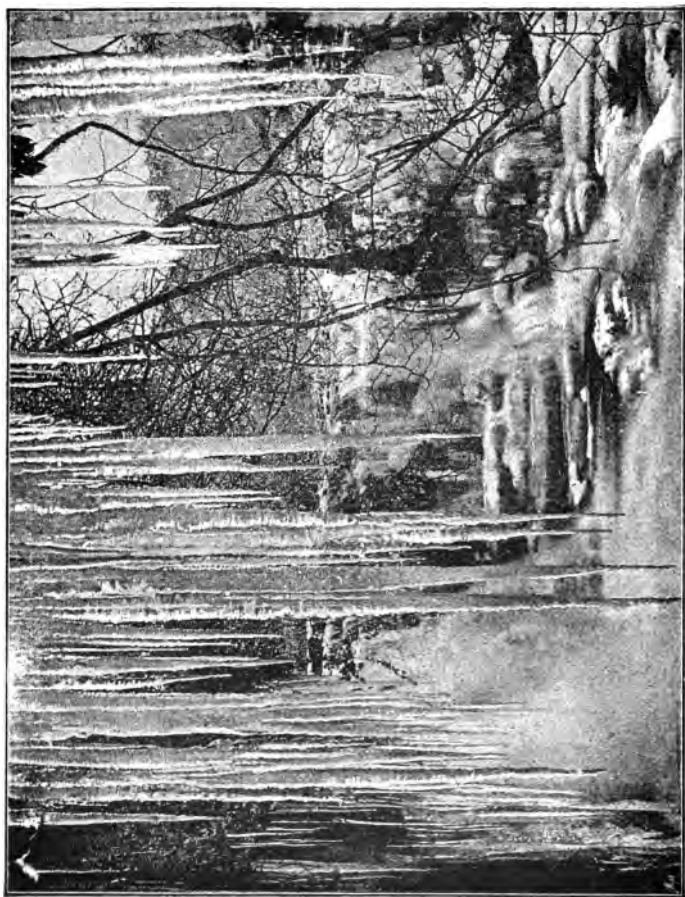
THE NORTH WIND AND THE DUCK.

A brave little duck lived beside a lake.

He lived in a poor little hut; and he had only four logs of wood.

“Four logs is enough,” the little duck said; “for each one will last a whole month.

And there are only four cold months in the year.”



"I WILL FREEZE OVER THE WATERS."

So the little duck was cheerful, even if the winter was bitter cold.

No day was to him too cold.

Never did he mind the shrieking of the North Wind.

“I will freeze over the waters,” said the North Wind; “we will see how the little duck will like that!”

So one morning, when the duck went down to the water, he could catch no fish for his breakfast.



“THEN THE DUCK WALKED OUT ONTO THE ICE.”

“What shall I do!” thought the little duck.

“Ha! ha! ha!” laughed the North Wind; “what will you do!”

“O, it is you, is it?” said the duck.

“You are playing a game on me.”

Then the duck walked out onto the ice.

He pulled the rushes that grew up through the ice.

Then he put his bill down



“THE COLD NORTH WIND CREPT UP TO THE LITTLE DUCK’S HUT.”

through the holes in the ice and caught some tiny fish.

“That’s a brave little duck,” said the North Wind; “but I will catch her yet.”

So, then, the cold North Wind crept up to the little duck’s hut. He crept close up to her door.

The little duck knew he was there, for she felt his cold breath.

So she began to sing, as cheerily as a little duck could,

“Cold North Wind,
I know your plan;
You are but my brother man.
Blow you may
Your loudest breeze,
This little duck
You cannot freeze.”

“I wonder if the little duck
knows I am here,” thought the
North Wind.

“How does she dare laugh at
me and sing about me!”

But the little duck sang
bravely on.

“I will not allow this little

duck to laugh at me," said the North Wind.

"I will make her feel my power."

So, then, the North Wind crept into the hut and sat himself down beside the fire.

The little duck knew he was there; so she stirred the fire till the flames leaped high.

The little hut grew hotter and hotter.

The North Wind blew and blew; and the little duck sang and sang:

“Cold North Wind,
I know your plan;
Blow you may
Your loudest breeze;
This little duck
You cannot freeze.”

By and by, the North Wind
began to grow still.

It was so warm in the hut
he could not breathe.

The snow upon his hair
began to melt.

The icicles on his crown
began to drip.

The wet tears poured down his face.

“I cannot bear this fire!” he said; and then he crept out of the hut, and went away far to the North, where he could get cool again.

The little duck laughed to herself, when he had gone.

“That is a strange, little duck,” the North Wind said.

“How brave she is!”





THE LIGHTNING.

Once a little Indian boy was all alone in the dark forest.

It was night, and he was afraid.

There were bears in the forest.

He crept up into a pine tree and went to sleep.

A voice came to him and

said, "Come with me, little boy, up among the clouds."

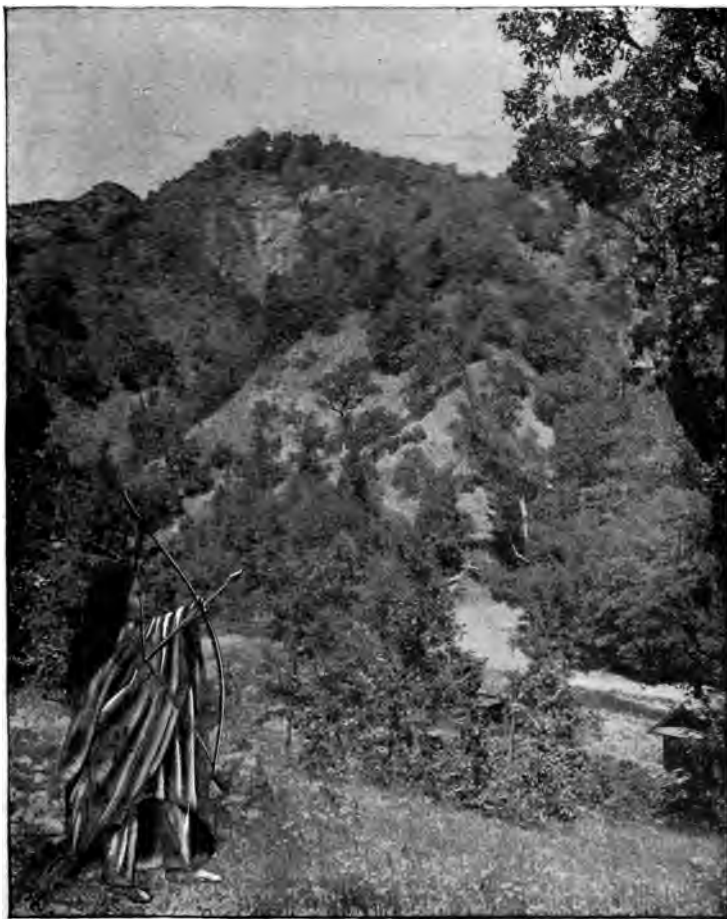
Then a strong wind lifted the child and carried him high up into the skies.

There was a beautiful palace among the clouds; and there were brave sachems in the palace.

They gave the little Red boy twelve silver arrows.

"Go and shoot the wicked manitos," said the sachems.

"They dwell far away in the northern sky."



"SO HE TOOK VERY CAREFUL AIM."

The little boy set out with arrows into the land of the manitos.

He shot his arrows at them; but not one of the manitos was hurt.

As soon as they saw the arrows coming, they changed themselves into rocks and stones.

Now the little boy had only one arrow left.

“I must not fail with this,” he said.

So he took very careful aim;

and the arrow lodged in the heart of a mountain.

Then the boy turned to go back to the cloud palace.

“Do you think we will let you go?” cried the manitos.

“No, no, no! We will punish you! You shall be an arrow yourself! You shall shoot through the air! Z-z-z-z-z!”

And the little boy found himself changed by the manitos into a flash of lightning.

And to this day, now and then, we see him—flashing across the northern sky.

4



“THE SOUTH WIND WAS SWINGING IN HIS SOFT CLOUDLETS
ACROSS THE SOUTHERN SKY.”



THE SOUTH WIND AND THE DANDELION.

The South Wind was swinging in his soft cloudlets across the southern sky.

He looked towards the north.

There he saw a great, green field.

In the field among the grasses were bright golden flowers.

“O, beautiful flowers,” he said, “I wish I were beside you, and could touch your golden crowns.”



But the South Wind was lazy, and the days flew by.

One morning the South Wind looked again.

“I will go to the beautiful flowers to-day,” he said.

But, lo! a great change had come upon the flowers.

Their crowns had become silver white.

“Now that is sad,” said the South Wind. “Has my brother, the North Wind, been scattering his snows upon these beautiful flowers?”

And the South Wind sighed and sighed.

His sighs swept across the field.

Then another change came upon the dandelion crowns.

1

The air was filled with little white feathers.

They flew hither and thither through the air.

“See the dandelion seed!” said the children.

“They are searching for a place to sleep!”

“And see how the South Wind is helping them!”

“That is very strange,” said the South Wind. “What can those little Red children mean?”



THE YOUNG HUNTER.

One little Red child loved
the stars.

He loved them more than
did his brothers.

At sunset he would run up
into the hills to see the stars
come out.

There was one star he loved
most of all.

He called it always "My
Star Beautiful."

Sometimes there would be clouds in the evening sky, and the little Red child could not see the star.

Then he would say, "Good West Wind, please drive the clouds away, that I may see my star."

And the West Wind always heard the little boy's cry.

By and by, the star whispered kind words through the summer air to the little child.

"You shall be a great hunter," the star said; "for I



"NEVER DID HE GUIDE THEM WRONG."

will guide you to the places where the deer hide.”

By and by, the star whispered to the little Red child again, and said, “You are a tall, brave youth now; and I will make you the wisest of all your people.”

Then the people loved the youth, and came to him for wisdom.

Never did he guide them wrong; never did they fail in what he bid them do.

“He is a wonderful brave,”
the people said.

But the youth said, “No, it
is my Star Beautiful that
makes me wise.”

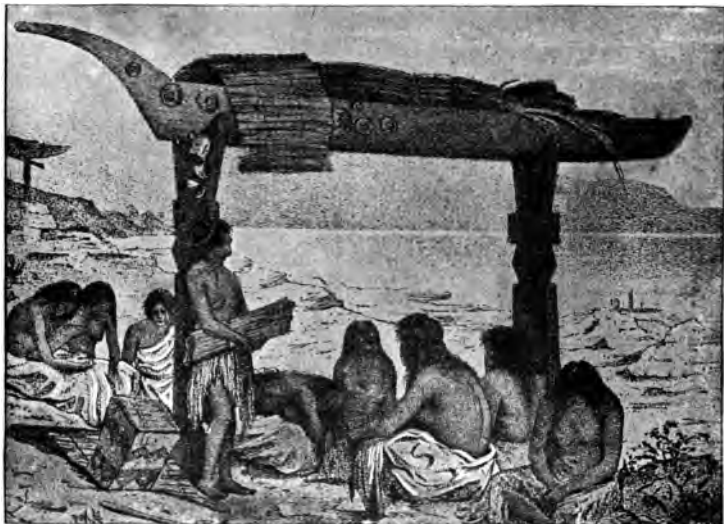
After a long time the youth
became an old, old man.

“He cannot live,” the people
whispered.

“I shall go now to my star,”
the old man said.

Then the sunset hour had
come, and the star shone out
again.

The old man smiled to see the star.



INDIAN CANOE BURIAL.

“It is my Star Beautiful,” he said, “and it calls me as it did when I was a little child.”

Then the old man closed his eyes; and went away to join *his own* Star Beautiful.



THE MORNING STAR.

Two little Red children, a brother and sister, played along the river banks.

They were happy little children, and they played from morning till night.

But one day, a Manito came to them.

It said, "Little boy, you must go now to dwell upon



"YOU MUST GUIDE THE MOUNTAIN STREAMS."

the mountains. You must take your place far up in the hill tops among the trees.

“You must sing to the rivers and the brooklets. You must guide the mountain streams and help them to find the oceans.”

And to the little sister the Manito said, “You must go to the place of Breaking Light. You must make a palace for yourself among the morning clouds. You must be the Morning Star.”



So the little brother and sister bade each other good-by.

The brother cut a castle for himself from the grey rock.

The sister made a palace for herself from the morning clouds.

Every morning the brother watched from his castle for the coming of his sister—the shining Morning Star.

And every morning the sister hurried up from the waters to greet her brother in the mountains.

But when the sun came,
then the sister would hide her
light

“Good-by, brother,” she
would say, “I will come
again.”

And the brother would say,
“Good-by, sister, for a little
time. I will watch on the
mountain top till you come
again.”

THE WANDERING STAR.

(THE WILL-O'-THE-WISP.)

A little star lost its way in
the mist.

It wandered down toward
the home of the Red children.

The people saw it coming
down through the air.

“Run, run to your caves,”
they cried, “it is a manito!
It means to burn our wig-
wams! It means to burn our



WILL-O' THE WISP.

wigwams! It means to burn our fields!”

The bright little star was grieved to hear the people say these things; for it meant to do no harm.

For a long time the star wandered up and down the valleys.

Sometimes it would come and stand before the camp-fires.

Sometimes it would lift itself above the hunter's wigwam; but the people were afraid.

Whenever they saw the star they were afraid; and the star was very lonely.

By and by, a little child came to live among the Red children.

And when she saw the star, she stretched her little hands out towards it.

She laughed and called to the star. "O come, come to me, my beautiful star!" she said.

Then the star was glad; for now he had a playmate among the Red children.

By and by, the little child grew to be a maiden, tall and beautiful.

And one day she wandered far down into the valley and lost her way.

Then a great storm came. The clouds grew black. The sun was hidden.

There was a swamp at the foot of the valley. It was a treacherous swamp. And it called to the maiden, "Come, come!"



"SHE GREW TO BE A MAIDEN."

And the maiden came.
Down, down, deeper and deeper
she sank into the black waters
of the swamp.

By and by, the green grasses
closed over her, and no one
ever saw her again.

Some say the winds caught
her up and carried her away
to the cloud palaces; some say
the manitos bore her away to
their home in the North.

The little Red children do
not know; but the wandering

star knew. And to this day it hovers over the marshy place at night and watches.

Perhaps it watches for the maiden to come back.

Some of the Red children believe her spirit does come back when the summer nights are long.

For then it is the hunters see the star she loved, hovering over the marsh where the maiden disappeared.

WINTER AND SPRING.

Old Winter sat all alone in his hut. It was a cold, little hut, and it stood beside a frozen river.

The winds were howling and shrieking, and the flowers had hid themselves away in the earth.

Even the big round sun had crept away towards the south, for he did not like Old Winter and the north.



“AH! YOU HAVE COME, GOOD SPRINGTIME.”

One morning Old Winter heard a gentle step at his door; a soft perfume came in upon the air.

“Ah! you have come, good Spring-time,” Old Winter said.

“Come in, the Red children will be glad you have come. Sit down and let us talk together.

“I shall have to creep away to my own home very soon, now that you have come.

“You have never seen my home. It is very beautiful, I

think, and it is white and shining.

“The waters have a beautiful, sparkling roof over them. It is smooth, and one can see the water underneath sometimes; and when the sun looks upon it, it shines like silver.”

“Of course it is beautiful,” said the Spring, “but I like mine better. There is no sparkling snows there; but we have sparkling waters.

“There are green leaves on



“WHEN I BREATHE THE WHOLE EARTH TURNS TO STONE.”

the trees and the fields are full of flowers.

“When the soft wind comes, then the waters dance, and the grasses bend before it.”

“But I have great power,” Old Winter said, “for when I breathe, the rivers and the whole earth harden, and I change to stone.

“If I shake my long white locks of hair, then the earth is covered with glistening snow-flakes. The leaves drop from

the trees and the flowers disappear.”

“I, too, have power,” said the Spring.

“My voice is not very loud, but when I whisper all the trees and the flowers hear me, though they are fast asleep.

“When I breathe the grasses spring up and all the flowers burst forth to greet me.

“I shake my golden hair, and soft showers fall upon the



“ WHEN I BREATHE THE GRASSES SPRING UP.”

earth. The raindrops help the flowers and grasses to come out into the sunlight; and the hearts of the Red Children are full of joy."

But already the sun had begun to creep back towards the north. He thought he heard the voice of Spring and was coming to see.

He felt the softness in the air, and he smelled the sweetness.

The birds, too, thought they heard the voice of Spring, so

they came and perched upon the roof of Old Winter's hut.

The rivers, too, had heard their name called; and already they were beginning to dance and sparkle.

There was a sweet odor, like new grass in the hut; then Old Winter began to grow very still. "I am sleepy," he said.

By and by, the water dripped from his long, white hair, he grew very, very small and very, very weak; until at last no sign of Winter was left; and on

the floor of the hut where he had sat, sprang up a beautiful, pink flower.

“It is the Spring Beauty!” the Red children say, and when they see it they rejoice; for they know that Old Winter has crept away to his home, and that Spring has come to dwell in his place.





“ONCE A BEAUTIFUL STAR CAME DOWN TO EARTH.”



THE STAR THAT BECAME A LILY.

Once a beautiful star came down to earth. For a long time it had watched the children at play in the green fields, and the star said, "I love those little Red children, I would like to go down and live with them."

So one night the star shot down, down, 'till at last it stood out upon a big plain.

The people in the wigwam village saw it, and ran to look at it.

“I have come, O good people,” said the star, “to dwell with you on the earth.

“I love to watch you in your wigwams.

“I love to see you make your birch canoes.

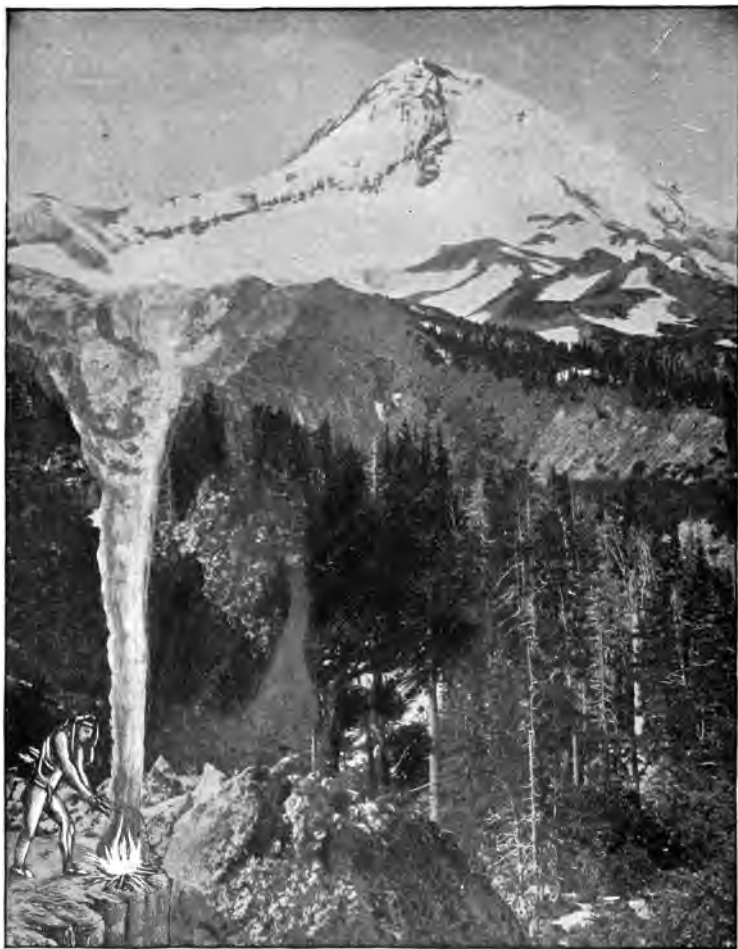
“I love to watch your children at their play.

“Tell me, then, where I may dwell?

“It must be where I can see you all, and where at night I can look up to my home in the skies.”

Then one chief said: “Dwell here upon the mountain top; where you can overlook the plain.

The clouds will come down and rest upon the high peaks, and each morning you may greet the sun.”



"DWELL HERE UPON THE MOUNTAIN TOP."

“Dwell here upon the hillsides,” said another chief, “for there the flowers grow brightest, and the sun is warmest.”

“Dwell in the forests,” said a third chief, “for there the sweet violets grow, and the air is cool, and the smell of spruce is in the air.”

But the star thought the mountain was too far away, as it could not see the children from such a height, and it was them it wanted to be near.

The hillside, too, the star thought was far away, and the forest, it was sure, was too dark and dreary.

But one day the star saw a beautiful little lake. The very water was clear,—one could see the skies and the clouds in it.

At night the stars shone down into its waters.

The water was soft and warm, and the star was pleased to see it ripple and dance. It liked to see the sunlight glimmer on the waters.

The children loved the lake, too; they played all day on its banks, and often paddled out upon it with their little canoes.

“I will dwell right here,” the star said; “for then I can be near the children.”

And so, when the sun had set, the star floated down upon the waters.

It sent its rays away down beneath the waters; and the Red children are sure these rays took root.

Perhaps they did; for, sure enough, the very next morning there was a beautiful lily upon the waters.

Its roots reached away down into the rich earth, its petals were pure white, and it had a heart of rich yellow gold.

“No flower has a perfume so sweet,” the children cried.

Then they rowed out to look at it.

“It is the star,” the children said; “it will dwell with us forever, and we will call it the Lily Star.”



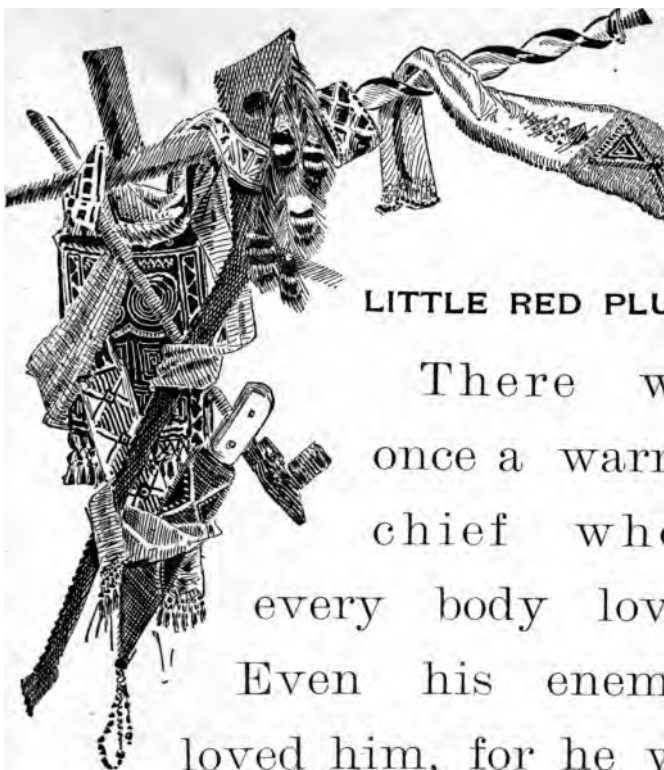
"THEN OTHER LILLIES GREW UP AROUND IT."

Then the children rowed back to the shore. They did not pluck the lily, but each morning they went to see it.

“Dear, beautiful lily!” they would say.

By and by it opened wide its petals, and the air was filled with sweetness.

Then other lilies grew up around it; and after a time these water lilies, or Lily Stars, as the children called them, were floating on the waters of the lakes everywhere.



LITTLE RED PLUME.

There was once a warrior chief whom every body loved. Even his enemies loved him, for he was never cruel.

He loved his people; he longed always to bring some good to them.

This good chief would cure the sick. He could fly in the air. He could swim in the deep waters. The good manitos loved him, and gave him these wonderful gifts.

One morning he was wandering through a forest. It was very early.

The sun was only just arising, and there was not much light.

“Good morrow,” said a voice at the feet of the chief.

The chief looked down. He could hardly see who was there.

“Who are you?” he said.

“I am Mondamin,” said a little man; and he shook his funny little red-plumed head at the big chief.

“You are strong, Chief,” the little man said. “Tell me what makes you so strong?”

“I am strong only as all men are strong,” said the chief.

“Very well, then, let us

wrestle. If you throw me, cry,
Wa-ge-ne-wa! Wa-ge-ne-wa!

And if I throw you, I will _
cry, Wa-ge-ne-wa! Wa-ge-ne—
wa!”

Then the big, brave chief and
tiny, little Red Plume wrestled.

All day long they wrestled,
for little Red Plume had magic
strength; but when the sun
began to go down, then Red
Plume's strength began to fail.

“Wa-ge-ne-wa! Wa-ge-ne-
wa!” cried the big chief, for at
last Red Plume lay at his feet.

The chief stooped to pick up his tiny foe. But, lo! there was no foe there. Only an ear of red corn was there.

And, indeed, had it not been for the same waving red plume, the chief would have thought the manitos had carried the little man away.

But there he lay, red plume and all.

Then Red Plume spoke:

“Again, good Chief, you shall carry a great gift to your people, for I am Mon-



THE FEAST OF MONDAMIN.

damin, the friend of the Red children. Because you have conquered me, you shall take me to them.

“But first strip off the coat that protects me from the storms and cold.

“Then take my kernels and scatter them in the rich soil by the riverside.

“Go away, then, and do not come back till one moon has passed.

“Then I will give you for your people, the Gift of Corn.”

The chief did as he was told; and when he came back, there he saw a whole field of tall, waving corn, and on each plant was a waving plume; and, hid away among the thick leaves, was a husk of corn.

“It is Mondamin!” the chief said.

Then Mondamin spoke again:

“This is the Gift of Corn, I promised.

“Now go call your people, gather all the Red Plumes, grind the kernels between

great rocks, and you will have then a food that will never fail.

“Some of the kernels you will plant again; then another field of corn will rise up, and you shall gather it and hide it away for the winter’s food.”

Then the chief called the people.

They all came, the fathers and the mothers and the little children.

They gathered the Red

Plumes and fed the tall plants to the cattle.

Then they held a great feast, and danced and sang songs to Mondamin; for they knew now that he was their friend.

Then they thanked the Great Spirit, and said: "Mondamin, the friend of the Red Man! Mondamin, the giver of the Gift of Corn!"

ROBIN REDBREAST.

“It is time, my son, to go forth into the forest.

“Here is the mat your mother has made for you.

“Take it with you into the densest part of the forest.

“Place yourself upon it face down; and lie there for twelve days and nights.

“Each morning I will come to you, and on the twelfth morning I will bring you food.

“You are a tall, strong youth now. It is time you were a warrior.

“But first you must prove to your people that you are strong to endure.

“When the twelve days of fasting are passed, then you shall come back to your tribe.

“We will hold a great feast for you. There shall be music and dancing. And the chief shall say, ‘Now you are a warrior brave.’ ”

This is what the fathers of

the Red children say to their tall boys.

Each father is very proud when his boy reaches the age at which he can go forth to fast.

The boy, too, is proud; for when the fast is over the people honor him.

But there was one youth that went forth to the fasting sad of heart.

“Alas, my father,” he said, “I am afraid I shall never be a warrior. I am afraid you will never be proud of your son.”

“Talk not like that,” the father said, “but be brave!”

Poor boy! he was brave enough, but he did not love war and bird-shooting.

He loved the birds too well to want to shoot them; and as to war, why should he kill other youths like himself?

Still, the boy went forth to the forest. He spread out the mat his mother had made, and stretched himself upon it.

Each morning the father came to see the youth, and



“EACH MORNING THE FATHER CAME TO SEE THE YOUTH.”

each morning the youth rose to greet his father.

But when the tenth morning came, he was so weak and ill he could not rise.

“O father,” he said, “take me home!”

“Only two more days, my son! Be brave!” And the father went away.

On the eleventh morning the father came again.

The poor boy could not speak; he only raised his hand towards his father.

“Only one day more, my son! Be brave!” And the father went away.

On the twelfth morning the father came again. This time he brought food for the boy; for this was the day when he should be taken back to the village.

All ready the people were preparing the feast for him. To-day he would be a hero. His father would give him a bow and arrow.

The warriors would put war

paint on his face; then the chief would call him a brave warrior.

“Come! come!” the father shouted as he entered the forest. “To-day you may go back to your tribe. Already the chief waits for you.”

But when the father reached the place where the boy had lain, behold, no one was there!

“My son! my son!” the father cried; but all the sound he heard was the calling of a bird above his head.



"THE CHIEF WOULD CALL HIM A BRAVE WARRIOR."

“Some evil manito has stolen you away!” the father cried again; and he raised his bow and arrow as if to shoot the manito.

Then the bird in the branch overhead came down.

“Do not be angry,” the bird said, “no evil manito has harmed me; but see! a good manito has come, and has changed me to a beautiful bird. See, my father, what beautiful feathers I have; and how large and strong I am!”

Then the father looked, and there before him sat a Robin Redbreast.

The first, it was, that had ever been seen!

“O-pex-chi!” O-pe-che!” the father cried, and the bird answered, “Chee! Chee! Chee!”

“Do not grieve for me. I could not be a brave warrior. I did not love war; and so the good manito came down, and gave me these strong wings and these beautiful feathers.

“Now I shall be happy. Tell

the Red children not to shoot me; for I love them all, and I shall always hover about their homes. I shall build my nest near by; for I love the homes of the people rather than the dark forests.

“Now, good-by! Chee! Chee! Chee! Chee!”

Then the father went home and told his people what had happened.

At first they did not believe what he said; but the Robin

Redbreast came and alighted above the chief's door. A big, strong bird with beautiful red feathers, just as the father had said.

“Chee! Chee! Chee!” the bird sang.

Then the people knew the father had spoken the truth, for the bird hovered around the wigwams; and always after called the people in the morning, with his joyous “Chee! Chee! Chee!”



"BIG SEA WATER MADE A DASH ALONG THE SHORE."



HOW THE RAIN COMES.

Once the flowers and the
grasses were very thirsty.

“Give us, O Munirva, some
water! Give us some water or
we shall die!”

“You shall not die, beautiful
flowers,” Munirva answered.

Then he called to Big Sea
Water:

“Big Sea Water! Big Sea Water!” he cried. “Help the flowers and the grasses. They are very thirsty; and you have water for them all.”

So Big Sea Water made a dash against the rocks and along the shore.

Over and over again he tried to send his water up across the fields.

But each time it fell back; and only the flowers and salt grasses near the shores had been helped.

Then Munirva called to the Rivers:

“O Rivers! Rivers! the flowers and the grasses are very thirsty. Go and help them, for you have water for them all.”

Then the rivers tried. They raised big waves, and they dashed against their banks and overflowed them.

Still only a few of the flowers and grasses had been reached.

Then Munirva called to the Lakes:



"BIG SEA WATER MADE A DASH AGAINST THE ROCKS."

“O Lakes! Lakes!” he cried; “the flowers and the grasses are very thirsty. Go and help them. You have water for them all.”

Then the Lakes tried. They, too, raised big waves. Hardly could the white caps on the Big Sea Water have looked more fierce.

They dashed and splashed upon the shores, and drove their waters across the plains. But they could reach only a little way, and the grasses

beyond were as dry and thirsty as ever.

“Let me try,” said a big Sea Gull.

So he spread his big, white wings and dipped them in the waters.

Then he flew out across the land. He shook them over the fields, and the big drops fell down upon the flowers.

“O thank you, thank you, good Sea Gull,” the flowers cried.

But it was only a few of the



"CALL ALL THE BIRDS IN THE EARTH TOGETHER."

flowers the Sea Gull could reach; and by and by, tired out, he sank down in the grasses to rest.

“O Sea Gull,” cried Munirva, “you have shown me a way!

“Call all the birds in all the earth together. They shall each one give me a feather from their wings.

“Then I will make one big, big wing.

“It shall reach from sea to sea.

“It shall cover the whole sky.

“Then when the flowers are thirsty, I will dip it in the waters.

“I will shake it over the whole earth, and every flower shall taste the water.”

So Munirva made the big wing; and when he brushes it across the sky and shakes it over the plains, then the rains fall, and the thirsty flowers and grasses lift their heads, and smile up at Munirva.

For he watches over them;
and sends them always the
rain that makes them happy.



THE RED CHILDREN'S HOME.



THE RAINBOW.

When the Great Spirit made the Red children a home, he gave them every thing that was useful.

But, by and by, he said: "The Red children must have beautiful things, too; else they will not be gentle. They will not love each other."

So then the Great Spirit made the flowers. Over all the fields he scattered them. On the hillsides and in the forest. And he made them of all colors,—red, blue, and yellow, purple and orange and violet.

All summer long the flowers made the fields beautiful with color, and the air sweet with fragrance.

The Red children were glad when the flowers came, and they thanked the Good Spirit for them.

But one morning a change came over the earth.

The North Wind had come; and he had breathed upon the sweet flowers.

“O Great Spirit!” cried the Red children.

“See what the North Wind has done! He has blighted our beautiful fields, and even the grasses are turning brown.”

Then the Great Spirit said: “Grieve not, my children, you shall not lose your flowers; for



“ LOOK UP AND SEE! ”

I will gather them up into the heaven, and when the North Wind has gone you shall have them back again."

Then a gentle rain began to shower down upon the earth. And a voice from the clouds said: "Do not grieve, little Red children. Look up and see!"

Then the Red children raised their eyes.

And lo! across the sky was stretched a band of beautiful colors.

"It is the flowers! the flow-

ers!" they cried. "All the beauty of the flowers,—the red, the orange, the blue and the purple.

All are there, and when the Spring-time comes again we shall have them here upon the earth once more."

Then the Red children held a great feast. They danced and they sang. And they thanked the kind Good Spirit for saving the beauty of the flowers from the fierce North Wind.



THE BRAVE LITTLE MOLE.

Little Shooter-of-Birds was angry at the sun.

The sun had burned Shooter-of-Bird's little feather coat.

Shooter-of-Birds was very proud of that coat of feathers.

It was from the first bird that little Shooter-of-Birds had

brought down with his arrow.

Perhaps that is why the sun burned it. The sun loved the birds, and he was sorry the little Red children had not yet learned to spare the lives of the beautiful birds; but little Shooter-of-Birds was proud that he could shoot down birds.

He was a tiny, little boy when he brought down his first bird, and that is why his father named the boy Shooter-of-Birds; but when the sun

burned the feathered coat, the boy was angry.

“I will shoot the sun!” he said; but he found he could not do that.

The sun only smiled to see him try.

“Foolish boy!” the sun said.

Then Shooter-of-Birds was angrier still.

“You shall yet be sorry,” he shouted to the sun; then went to his wigwam.

“I will catch the sun in a trap,” he said. So all night long



"LITTLE SHOOTER-OF-BIRDS' WIGWAM."

he worked, until at last he had made a large, strong trap.

He crept up in the sky, and set it in the track of the sun; then tied it with a great cord to a mountain top.

Soon the sun came up from the east. His own light blinded him, and he could not see the trap; so he rolled on and on till he rolled straight into the trap.

“Who has done this?” he cried.

“I did it,” shouted the little



“BY AND BY, IT GREW VERY COLD AND DARK ON THE EARTH.”

Shooter-of-Birds, "and I will keep you here forever."

"Very well," said the sun; "but I think you will be very sorry by and by."

Shooter-of-Birds only laughed; then he went back to his wigwam.

"Why doesn't the sun come?" the people began to ask.

"Why doesn't the sun come?" the animals began to ask.

But Shooter-of-Birds would not tell.

By and by, it grew very cold and dark on the earth.

. The flowers cried for the sunlight, and the grasses cried for the warmth.

. The Red people began to grow sick and pale.

The corn would not grow in the dark, and the people were starving.

Still little Shooter-of-Birds would not tell. He was as cruel to his people as he was to the birds.

At last the animals held a council.

“We can not live like this,” said the Otter.

“I am starving,” snarled the Wolf.



THE BEAR.

“Some one must go in search of the sun,” said the Beaver.

“Let us all go together,” said the Beaver.

So they all started towards

the east. For many days they traveled together.

“It is no use,” said the Bear at the end of the tenth day, “I am so hungry I shall eat you all.”



WOLF.

“And I am hungry, too,” said the Wolf.

Then all the little animals ran back afraid.

“It is no use to go farther,”

said the Beaver; "let us stop right here."

So they all gave up. All but little Mole.

"I will go on," he said; "for think how the Red children need the sun."

So the persevering little Mole went on. For ten more days he traveled.

At last he saw a little light in the distance.

"That may be the sun," he said. So he hurried forward.

Sure enough! it was the sun.

“O Sun,” the Mole cried, “why do you hide yourself from us? Do you not know that the earth is cold and dark without you?”

“Glad would I be to come,” answered the sun. But do you not see I am trapped?”

Then the Mole saw the big trap. He saw that Shooter-of-Birds had fastened the trap with a big cord to the mountain.

“If you could only break the cord,” said the sun, “then



"ON, ON HE CREPT."

the trap would give way."

"I will try," said the brave, little Mole.

"I am afraid you can not come so near me, little Mole," said the sun.

"I will try to keep from scorching you if I can; but you know I am very warm.

"And I will try not to spoil your eyes with my strong light; but you know I am very bright."

Then the little Mole crept nearer and nearer. If he could

only reach the cord and gnaw it!

On, on he crept. The heat grew dreadful.

Still the Mole crept on; his back was scorched and his eyes were badly burned.

“I must go on,” he kept saying to himself, “I must go on; because the people and the animals need the sun.”

And so the little mole persevered.

By and by, he reached the cord. How hot it was!

But he gnawed and gnawed;
till at last the cord broke.

Then the trap door flew open.

The sun bounded out, and in
one minute was away up in
the sky.

“Poor earth!” he said, “how
cold and dry you are!”

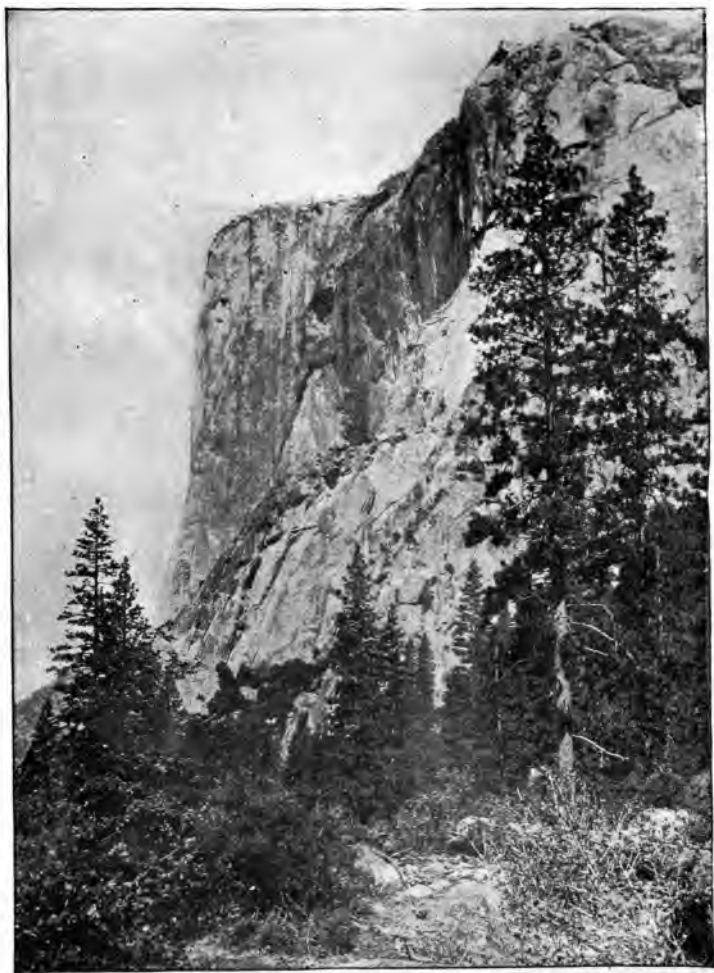
Then he went to work to
bring back the leaves, the
grasses and the flowers.

He filled the air with
warmth, and sent soft rain-
drops down to freshen the
earth.

Then the people and the animals rejoiced. They loved the smell of the sweet air; they loved the warmth; and they loved to look upon the beautiful green and the bright colored flowers.

All but the little Mole! Poor little Mole. He had been so brave!

But you see no eyes could bear to look so closely upon the sun; and so the little Mole was blind. And little Moles have been blind always from that day to this.





HOW THE PATIENT WORM SAVED THE CHILDREN.

There is a high mountain
away out in the west.

It is very high, and its sides
are very steep.

This mountain grew up in a
night, so the Red children say.

And this is the story as they
tell it to each other.

Once there were two little boys who loved to play beside the river. All day long they played there, and often at night they would lie down to sleep beside the river.

But one night a strange thing happened.

As soon as the boys were asleep, the bank of the river began to rise.

Away up, up it rose, until it seemed to reach the clouds.

The little boys slept soundly. All night long they slept; then

all the next day and all the next night. And all the next, and the next they slept; till a whole moon had gone by.

And all this time the mountain was growing higher and higher.

At last, one morning the boys awoke.

“What strange thing has happened?” they cried.

“Some mischievous manito has done this.

“What shall we do?”

“Do! do! do!” the owls in the trees *answered*.

Then the little boys cried out for help.

They cried to the moon. But the light was so dim she could not see them.

Then they cried to the sun; but the sun was so far away he could not come to them.

“Call upon the Rain-drops,” said the sun, “they will help you, for they can come down to you.”

Then the little boys called upon the Rain-drops.

Down the Rain-drops came,

a whole shower of them; and the little boys told them what had happened.

“We will help you,” the Rain-drops said. Then they trickled down, down through the soil till they reached the earth.

“Come, good Otter, and Bear, and Fox, and Wolf, and help these boys,” they said.

Then the Otter came.

“I will try to jump up the cliff the Otter said, “for those

ys were always kind to the
beasts of the forest."

So the Otter jumped. But
the mountain was far too high.

"Let me try," said the Bear.
"I growled at those boys once,
but instead of shooting at me
they gave me food."

So the Bear tried to jump
But he was so heavy that h
could jump only a little way.

"Let me try," said the Fo
"for once those boys helped
out of a trap."

So the Fox jumped;

jumped very high; but, alas, he could not reach the top of the cliff.

So all the animals tried; and all the animals failed.

They all sat down and looked at the cliff. They were sad; but what could they do!

Then a little worm crawled out from beneath the bush.

“Let me try,” he said, “for once those boys saved my life. I was lying across their trail. I was sleeping there in the sun. They saw me.

“‘Let us be careful and not step on the worm,’ said one boy. Then the other boy picked me up and carried me



across the trail. He placed me in a safe place beneath a bush.”

So, then the little worm started to climb the cliff.

He could not climb very fast, but he climbed and climbed.

For three days and three nights he climbed, till at last he reached the boys.

“I have come to guide you down the cliff,” he said.

Then the boys followed him; and, in three days more, they were all down beside the water again.

Then the Red children thanked the little worm, and named the mountain, Mount Tutokaunla, which means the Mountain of the Worm.



HOW THE SUMMER CAME.

Once there were no changes
of seasons.

It was always winter in the
land of the Red children.

The Red children had no
food except the flesh of
animals.

One day the Beaver called
all the animals together.

“We are never safe from these Red men,” he said. “Let us make war upon them.”

“But what can we have for food if we do not eat you?” the Red men said.

“Can you eat nothing but meat?” the animals asked.

“We could eat corn and fruits, if we had them. But they will not grow in this cold country.

“Bring down summer to us from the sky, and we will promise not to eat you.”

“We will try,” said all the animals.

Then the Otter made a great leap towards the sky.

He jumped a whole mile. But down he came head first and struck on a great rock.

Then the Lynx tried. He jumped so high that he brushed the sky with the tips of his ears.

Then the Wolf tried. He struck the sky so hard that he made a hole straight through the blue.

“Now,” said a brave chief, “I will climb the wall of the skies. I will climb in through the hole the wolf has made.”

Three whole days the chief climbed. He loved his people and wanted to do them good.

Then he crept in through the hole in the sky.

He saw a beautiful land. There was soft green grass. There were groves of beautiful trees. There were sweet flowers of every color. And the air was soft and warm.



"THERE WERE GROVES OF BEAUTIFUL TREES."

“I will carry the warmth down to my people,” the chief said, “though it cost me my life.”

Then the chief saw three handsome golden cages.

In the cages were birds. The birds had wings of gorgeous color.

One bird was Summer, the other two were Spring and Autumn.

The chief crept up to the cages and opened the doors.

“Good birds,” he said, “go down to the people on the earth.

“They are very cold and sad without you. They love you and are waiting for you to come.”

Then the Autumn bird crept out of his cage. He looked down through the hole.

“It is very beautiful down there,” he said, “let us go.”

So he raised his great wings and flew down through the hole.

Then the Spring bird fol-

lowed. The Summer bird, too, made ready to fly.

But the people in the world Above-the-Sky had heard the noise of Autumn's wings.

They rushed out from their homes. "The birds! the birds!" they cried; "the birds are flying away!"

Then they all rushed upon the summer bird.

Already she was half through the opening in the sky.

They seized her by her wing.

The great bird struggled, and the people held firm.

At last the body of the bird parted. One half of the bird flew down to the home of the Red children.

The other half the people put back in the cage.

“Now, who has done this?” the people said, “let us find him. We will slay him! We will burn him!”

Then they fell upon the brave chief who was just escaping through the opening.

“See! see! there he is!” the people shouted; and they drove their arrows after him.

On, on he ran down the wall of the sky. But the angry people soon overtook him.

They shot their arrows at him again. And this time the arrows pinned him to the sky.

“Make me prisoner, if you will,” the brave chief called, “I have carried warmth and sunshine to my people! And you can never take it away from them!”

And so the brave chief stands, still pinned to the sky, even to this day.

There is a star in each foot and in each hand.

These are the shining arrows of the people Above-the-Sky.

And when the Red children look up at the stars they say: "There is our brave chief who brought the summer."

And when the summer seems too brief, they say, "It is because one half of it is still in the land Above-the-Sky."



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